Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wiſely,
Tro. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeake ſo
Creſ. Perchance my Lord I ſhow more craft then loue,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion.
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not: for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue,
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
As if it can I will preſume in you,
To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decays,
Or that perſuaſion could but thus conuince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight,
Of ſuch a winnowed purity in loue,
How were I then vp-lifted! but alaſſe,
I am as true as truths ſimplicity,
And ſimpler then the infancy of truth.
Creſ. In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,
When right with right warres who ſhalbe moſt right,
True ſwains in loue ſhall in the world to come
Approue their trueth by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare,
Wants ſimele's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the moone.
As ſunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,
After all compariſons of truth.
(As truths anthentique author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall croune vp the verſe,
And ſanctifie the nombers,
Creſ. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee falce or ſwarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it ſelfe,
When water drops haue worne the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallowd Cities vp,

And